

## MAJESTIES

W E L C O M E

## In an honest blunt Ballad.

*To the Tune of**Cook - Lorrell.*

[1]  
 R, now that the skillfull *Heroicks* and *Lyricks*  
 To give a delight to your Majesties palat,  
 we shew'd their rare art in *Odes* and *Panegiricks*  
 and *Pudding* makes bold to come in with his *Ballad*.

[2]  
 whose love to the tune of *Cooke Lorrell's* as true  
 that of the *Pindars* and *Claudians* o'th age.  
 no new Lords to please, bade their old songs adieu,  
 whilst he sung his *Prince* in the *Usurpers* Cage.

[3]  
 and now when all voyces are hoars with *Hofannas*  
 adventures with his, that y'are welcome, to tell ee.  
 and that from a heart as right as any Man has  
 else I pray God turne it out of his bellie.

[4]  
 are welcome as Raine to the long parched ground  
 and like it, the good and the Bad you refresh.)  
 health to the sick, or as wealth to the found,  
 blest Soules at Doomes day will be to their flesh.

[5]  
 are welcome to all, to th' blustering War-men  
 to this side, or that side, or all sides have owned.  
 Priests of all Altars, and none, to the Bar-men  
 no love Kings so wel, that ev'n *Nol* they'd have crow-

[6] (ned.  
 are welcome to thousands, who thought their guilt far  
 at-strippt humane mercy, till yours o're went it.  
 ofe few too whom Justice expects for hir share  
 joyce that *selfe-baitring* will now be prevented.

[7]  
 all Sects and Int'rests *Physicians* alone  
 complaine of your Prefence, and seeme to have reason,  
 since you came in all Diseases are gone,  
 think, to be sick now does favour of Treason.

[8]  
 some of them hope yet, that for reparation,  
 you'll make 'em *Domesticks*, being Men whose rare cures  
 have made their skill fam'd, and their *Faith* o're the Na-  
 they did prolong ev'n his life, who sought yours (tion

[9]  
 are welcom'd by some whom pure joy doth enflame  
 see you restor'd, but like Children some be  
 to think from a Faire of Prefements you came,  
 cry *welcome home Sir, what have you brought me.*

[10]  
 had you brought in the Promotions and Treasure  
 all Courts in Europe, you must have left some  
 satisfi'd; then may it be your good pleasure,  
 let your first Bountie begin with the *Dumb*.



[11]  
 Not such as with insolent items do show forth  
 To what their lost bloud, and long bondage amount,  
 Their Plundrings, sequestrings, compoundings, & so for  
 Then pray, you'll come with 'em to a just account.

[12]  
 Nor that Man of *Cassock* (of different opinion  
 From all that think any as wise) who posselt  
 Four hundred a yeare under Tyrant's dominion,  
 And lookes his true Sovereigne should treble it at least

[13]  
 That Man of all Scenes, who to civill broiles  
 Can Cock-pit and Bowling-green-hedgings translate,  
 Both sides he makes his, and if *this* prevails  
 He's forty pound winner, a hundred, if *that*.

[14]  
 Nor *Buffemen* who put in for Regiments now,  
 'Cause Troopes they commanded for *Nol* and the Stat  
 Unlesse their discretion can show a way, how  
 The Army may all be prefer'd at that rate.

[15]  
 Nor such, as their March with you from Dover hither  
 To get a Court-office so strongly do plead.  
 And urge the great charge of a Circular-feather,  
 Which serves well to ballast an unsteady head.

[16]  
 But those that have done well, and think, that thereby  
 The deeds to themselves were an ample revvard,  
 No service how mighty so ever and high  
 'Thout modesty 'ith' Doer deserves your regard.

[17]  
 And now, Sir, calme dayes and store of 'em I wish you,  
 With all the content your sweet soule can desire  
 And may you be happy in confort and issue,  
 As he, you in virtue expresse, your blest *Sire*.

[18]  
 The rage of black *Boreas* you nobly have born,  
 Till *Phæbus* kind rayes of refreshment hath spread,  
 The *Crown of Thorns* long with renown you have worn  
 And now let the *Golden one* heale your peirc't head.

[19]  
 With more then *Herculean* courage and might  
 Y'ave conquer'd the malice of your step-dame fortune,  
 And virtue no lesse now then Bloud pleads your right  
 To th' Scepter, with humbly your hand doth importune

[20]  
 And may those brave *Heroes* your Brothers by birth,  
 And sufferings, be so in what kinder fates bring,  
 Till full of good dayes, and disdaining the Earth,  
 You soare to your Father, so *God save the KING*.